Volume LXV CHICAGO, JULY 28, 1910 Number 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Tower Hill Wisconsin

Fifth Annual Woman's Congress, August 12-14, 1910

FRIDAY EVENING. Address of Welcome, Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Response and Address by Miss L. E. Stearns, Chairman.

SATURDAY. Addresses by Miss Abby Marlatt, Director of Household Economics, University of Wisconsin, **The Farmer's Home;** Mrs. Alice I. Kaine, Milwaukee, Wis., **The Great Problem;** Miss Rose Purdue, State Factory Inspector, Milwaukee, Wis., **The Big Sister Movement,** and Mrs. J. A. Strathearing, Kaukauna, Wis., **Federation.** In the afternoon dedication of the new Anne Mitchell Memorial Library. Saturday Evening, Readings by Miss Zona Gale, of Portage, and other exercises.

SUNDAY MORNING, August 14. It is expected that the leading address will be made by Rev. Charles Beals, Secretary of the Chicago Peace Society.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Memorial Services for Mrs. Grace Lloyd Jones, the late lamented Secretary of the Congress. Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Sunday evening program to be announced.

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CONTENTS

The Exhortation of the Dawn, *From the Sanskrit* 339

EDITORIAL—
Notes 339
A Great Teacher Gone 340
Catholicity and Unity 340
When the Sap's A-Running—*W. D. Nesbit* 343

THE PULPIT—
Some of My Teachers—A Meditation—Axel Lundeberg 343-344

Judge Lindsey and His Juvenile Court—Helen Jackson 344
Evening Prayers of Children, *From the French of Victor Hugo* 346

THE STUDY TABLE—
Summer Reading—E. P. Powell 347
Abraham Lincoln—Edmond S. Meany 347
Prayer For Pain—*John G. Neihardt* 347

THE FIELD—
Minister's Institute at Marblehead, Mass. 348

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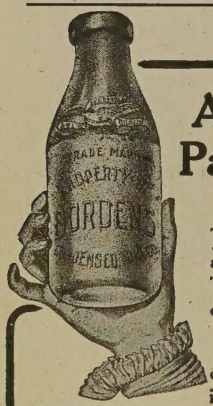

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXV. THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1910. NUMBER 22.

THE EXHORTATION OF THE DAWN

Look to this Day!
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the Verities and Realities of your Existence:
The Bliss of Growth,—the Glory of Action,—The Splendor of Beauty:
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And Tomorrow is only a Vision,
But TODAY, well lived, makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness, and every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to THIS DAY.
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

—*From the Sanskrit.*

The *Boston Globe* says, "The dog is the most impressionable of beings. He responds quickly to any treatment. Treat him 'like a dog' and he will act like one. Treat him like a human being and he will quickly develop human traits. We are in the habit of thinking that a boy is quite as impressionable and that he is amenable to the same laws of development as are here indicated in the case of the dog."

Our Dumb Animals gives Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, of the public schools, credit for having established a course of instruction in the Chicago Schools for the development of the kindly instincts. In the earlier grades the care of pet animals and the feeding of birds, squirrels, etc., are inculcated by stories. In the older grades fair play in games, ill-mannered treatment of horses by teamsters, and courtesies to old people are taken note of. In the still higher grades chivalry, the privileges of the citizen, the cost and injustice of war, are topics that enter the curriculum.

Our valued exchange, the *Woman's Journal,* has been merged with *Progress* and has become the official organ of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association. That we supposed it had been all along. This is only giving official recognition to a fact that has existed all these years, and we congratulate our exchange on whatever of added strength and power may have come to it. We like the cause it stands for, but the *Woman's Journal,* beyond being an efficient organ of a much needed reform, is a well edited journal, dealing with current news, live topics, and the permanent elements in literature.

The recent death of Frederick James Furnivall in England and of William J. Rolfe in America will be mourned by all lovers of good literature. They were pre-eminent as interpreters of literature, particularly of Shakespeare and Browning. The former was the founder, and, we believe, the only President, of the London Browning Society. The latter was editor of numerous English classics, as well as a pre-eminent editor of Shakespeare for school uses. They were quiet men of the study, but who will say that they did not lead their day and generation more effectually into higher lines of nobility and cheerfulness than many of the so-called public leaders who occupy a conspicuous place in the public eye?

Our Dumb Animals makes the gruesome announcement that the birds are decreasing in this country, and this is coupled with the still more gruesome statement that if there were no birds man could not live on the earth. Let the woman who causes the bird to be killed that she may wear the "love of a hat" take note. A Cincinnati woman, perhaps hoping to atone for the vandalism of her sex, has set aside $250,000 for the maintenance of a perpetual home for the birds of Cincinnati. Two acres of land have been purchased in the vicinity of the city, and it is proposed to build thereon "all kinds of houses for all kinds of birds." The newspaper note says, "This ground will be made secure against the invasion of cats, small boys and all enemies of the feathered tribe." This is very well as far as it goes, but what about the more ruthless enemies, of the bird-wearing gender?

A Parish paper contains the following appeal from the minister, which would be humorous were it not pathetic.

During the warm weather fans are a necessity in church to many people. The Rector earnestly requests those who provide fans for use in the church not to bring fans with advertisements or with fancy pictures upon them. Plain palm leaf fans are most appropriate for church and do not cost much. The church is not the place for fancy advertisements or for pictures that distract the attention of worshipers and often lead to irreverent conduct.

This is very good as far as it goes, but if picture fans are to be eliminated, what does this rector have to say concerning the picture hats, which are very much more distracting? Advertisements are bad, whether worn on the back or in the hand. In other

words, to vary the phraseology of the parish paper a little, the church is not the place for fans, dress or clothing that distract the attention of the worshipers. They often lead to irreverent conduct.

A Great Teacher Gone

It was a shock to the senior editor of UNITY to learn for the first time of the death of his beloved teacher, Dr. George L. Cary, of the Meadville Theological School, in the columns of the *Christian Register* of July 14. The delay of the mails incident to the remoteness of our summer sanctum from Chicago accounts for the tardiness of this notice. What Dr. Arnold was to Rugby, that Professor Cary has been to the Meadville Theological School for well nigh half a century. He was a scholar, endowed with a rare gift of teaching, an intellectual guide, a mental stimulus, a judicial corrective to the aberrations of youth, a spiritual atmosphere to the long line of students who passed through his hands as Professor and President of the quiet school of prophets on the beautiful Meadville hill-slope. Hundreds of students will join with the present writer in confessing their great indebtedness to this modest student. During the four most formative years of his intellectual life he was preceptor, critic, stimulant. His love of books was contagious, his fair-mindedness and his open and progressive spirit were a standing rebuke, and, what was better, an inspiring model to the hasty judgments and dogmatic spirit which so menace the growth of the spirit during the school years. He loved truth, but the spirit of the truth-seeker was still more characteristic of him. He declared the truth as he saw it, but it was always in love. A gentle, strong spirit, a loyal, generous friend, his friendship was abiding and his faith in men and high movements stood every test. He was a learned man, whose sympathies and interests promptly over-ruled his books and over-stepped the confines of his study. It was forty years ago last June that the present writer passed from under his tuition and "commenced" the hard tasks, to the preparation for which Professor Cary gave such patient attention, and those four years of contact with his directing mind are still a dominant, directing, conscious force in the life of this alumnus. To him Professor Cary was the school. He gave more than the books contained and outreached the limits of the curriculum. Life is more lonely since learning that in the ripeness of his four-score years and more, his bodily presence is no longer to be felt in the library and the class-room of the beloved Alma Mater. A presence has gone out of that school, the streets of Meadville will miss his benignant smile, and the life of school and town and nation will miss an ameliorating circumstance, a cheering force of corrective influence.

Farewell, beloved teacher! The books on my own library shelves testify to your devotion, their pages are illumined by your spirit, and work, in the past, present and prospective, is different, better, higher than it could have been without your inspiration and guidance. Farewell, beloved teacher, hail thou perennial and immortal light!

"Catholicity and Unity"

A BISHOP'S PLEA

Bishop Anderson, of the Chicago Diocese, delivered a charge to the 73rd Convention of his Diocese in Chicago last May. The address, which has been put into pamphlet form by order of the Convention, is now before us, and is in every way a notable utterance, clear in its analysis, eloquent in its appeal, and winning in its spirit.

He takes his text from the Ritual used in the Consecration of a Bishop, which reads, "Will you maintain and set forward, as much as shall lie in you, quietness, love and peace, among all men . . . ?" And right manfully does the genial, clear-headed and warm-hearted Bishop of Chicago fulfil his vow in this charge to his brethren. This study goes fathoms deeper into the problem than the current flirtations that are now carried on between certain sects closely affiliated in thought and form, and it is most ungenerous and to most minds quite captious and illogical for one who professes to believe in unity of religious effort and the great community of religious sympathy to still dissent from Dr. Anderson's splendid appeal and scholarly blazing of the way towards that "Love of the brotherhood" for which he prays.

It is not within the limits of an editorial to undertake to analyze or summarize this splendid address. Its length alone excludes it from the columns of UNITY in its entirety. Suffice it that we at this time commend its spirit and venture the opinion that the earnest Bishop has set before his colleagues a growing ideal, the statement and pursuit of which will bear him and them by the logic of the spirit to a still more satisfying, because more inclusive, catholicity.

Dr. Anderson's plea is for "Christian Charity," and he has filled this phrase apparently to its maximum. He says:

> I do not mean that doubtful kind of charity that belittles differences of belief and conviction, but that deeper charity that triumphs over them. There is a charity that would draw separated churches together in spite of their ecclesiastical antagonisms. There is an uncharity that would disintegrate a Church into schisms, even in the face of theological agreements. Christ is the center of unity. Christian Charity welds his followers into indivisible oneness. Christlike Christians cannot be torn apart from him or from each other. No ecclesiastical barriers can really separate the Taulers and the Topladys of the Christian Church. They are one in Christ. Christlike Christians cannot stay apart. Let us keep this in mind as we make a brief survey of the religious world today.

In the first sentence that follows, the Bishop divides the religions of the world into two classes, Christian and non-Christian, and, with an innocence that is touching, drops at the outset as apparently a negligible quantity in the proposition, the whole non-Christian world, with its teeming millions of struggling spirits, its wealth of holy men, and its delight in sacred scripture, exalted ritual and, to them at least, consecrated rites and saving ceremony.

After this elision, Bishop Anderson turns to the Christian world, and, with intelligent sympathy, undertakes a study that leads to a real Catholic Church, differing from, but not antagonistic to the three great Catholic Churches now existent in Christendom, which he names the Roman, Eastern and Anglican, along with which he makes room for the Protestants, for

The Protestants are divided into a large number of separated organizations, representing various shades of belief and opinion, embracing many who approximate Catholic doctrine and practice at one end, and at the other end many who are doubtfully called either Protestant or Christian.

He realizes that the above is a rough classification, and admits that it might not include "all who profess and call themselves Christians." With his analysis of the characteristics of the three great Catholic branches of the Christian Church now existent, we will not concern ourselves, except to commend its clearness and what to an outsider seems scholarly justice.

Dr. Anderson cannot be accused of advocating any "mush of concession." He sees the difference and acknowledges the difficulties. He frankly says:

The Protestant reformation cannot be undone, and most certainly the previous fifteen hundred years cannot be undone. Unity cannot be manufactured. The Church of the future must grow out of the Church of the past. The Protestant reformation was the humiliation of the Catholic Church, from above. Woe to the Church because of sects; for it must needs be that sects come, but woe to the Church that necessitates their coming! They are here for the accomplishment of a divine purpose. The present sect-heterogeneity cannot be reassembled into Catholic homogeneity by simply turning time's dial back three centuries. The integration, the re-integration of the Christian Church cannot be brought about by asking churches to renounce principles which they have won at great sacrifice, and experiences which they have acquired for themselves and for all Christendom, with their life's blood. The positive principles of the churches are theirs to give, not to surrender. They can give up their negations, their prejudices, their uncharity, not their religion. What needs changing is our unchristian attitude, not our Christian convictions. This will be the first step towards unity. Perhaps it is the only step that can be taken at once, but it is in itself a seven-league stride. Our immediate duty is not to formulate creedal programmes, but to promote Christian charity and mutual appreciation. Preliminary negotiations, so-called, that plunge headlong into the heart of our difficulties, are brutal. They only serve to stiffen men's backs and ruffle their tempers. Shall we demand that Rome quit the Pope, and the Baptists yield immersion, and the Methodists abandon conversion, and Catholics waive holy orders? These, in part, are their contributions. The duty of our time is to foster deeper love for each other, and a larger desire on the part of each to secure the possession of the other. The cold reception given to the Chicago-Lambeth quadrilateral indicates that the time is not ripe for platforms. An atmosphere must first be created. It is impossible to drive in the thick end of the wedge by hammering it on its sharp edge. It ruins the wedge without driving it in a line. Platform unity cannot be forced. It would be trying to manufacture unity instead of stimulating growth. It took three hundred years to produce three hundred churches; it will take a long time to restore them to oneness again. Anyway, platform agreement is not unity. The federation of churches is not unity. Unity is not uniformity; and it can exist without unanimity in matters of opinion.

Do Christian men of the present day really desire unity? You Broad Churchmen, who talk more about it than anybody else, are you not a little squeamish lest a unity that embraced all Catholic Christendom would be broader than you are, more orthodox than you are, less latitudarian than you are? You High Churchmen, who pray for unity more than others, are you not a little fearful that a unity that embraced the spiritual forces of Protestantism would be broader than you are, more evangelical than you are, less "attitudinarian" than you are? You Protestants, who pretend that you have unity already while you propagandize your rival organizations, are you not somewhat afraid that a unity that took in the whole Christian world would call upon you to embrace principles that you have abandoned, and make you more Catholic that you are, less Protestant that you are? You Romanists, who claim that there can be no unity apart from the Pope, are you not quite sure that if perchance the non-Roman Christian world were to go over to you, the infusion would make you more Catholic than you are, more Christian than you are, less Roman than you are? Do we really desire unity? Can we humble our pride, bury our prejudices and confess our shame? Can we feel and show the larger love?

It is refreshing to find a man who is at once so intensely in earnest over the problem of unification and co-operation, who also recognizes so calmly, clearly, earnestly, the immense obstacles in the way, the seriousness of the problem involved. With a frankness which must be disappointing to many of the brethren on the inside of his Church, and which is refreshing to many of the brethren outside, he recognizes the critical situation of his own church. He says:

There are two conspicuous tendencies in the Christian world today, Roman imperialism and Protestant federation. Between the two the Anglican Communion may be very tightly squeezed. Between the two she may become a tiny but highly respectable body of future non-jurors. Between the two she may be crushed, if the traditional Anglican temper and attitude prevail. On the one side Rome has closed up all avenues of approach. Figuratively speaking, she refuses to walk on the same side of the street with her blood relations. On the other side, the Anglican communion cannot embrace Protestant federation without abandoning her very soul and life and character, without surrendering her very *raison d'etre*. As has been pointed out, she is a Catholic Church in a Protestant world. For the nonce, any negotiations in the Roman direction have been estopped. This throws her sphere of influence for the time being with Protestant Christendom. Question,—Can she make such a contribution to the Protestant world as will raise the whole question of unity above such dilettantish projects as federation and inter-denominationalism? Can she (shall I speak out?) can she catholicize Protestantism? She has already done much in that direction. Think of the days when Puritan preachers wildly gesticulated against us and exhausted their energies in tearing to tatters our damnable rags of popery. How they did pour out the vials of wrath against the Christian year, for instance. Now all the Christian churches are observing the Christian year to a greater or less extent, are becoming quite hospitable to Churchly traditions. These are mere straws which show which way the wind is blowing. Can we keep on catholicizing Protestantism? We must row in the same boat with Protestants, and, if so, we must keep a hand on the steering oar. A well organized catholicized Protestantism with a Pope of its own, if you like, with Catholic unity and solidarity, with power over press and politics and schools, with all Rome's power plus Protestant piety, would give the world a Catholic Church greater than Rome, for it would have her power consecrated by an evangelical fervor. Disunited Protestantism simply cannot compete nor contend with Rome, but two great Catholic solidarities would make the programme of the final unity highly interesting. Then "the loftiness of man shall be bowed down * * * and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." A programme of this sort necessitates a complete change of tactics on the part of Anglicans.

Even this big task does not intimidate our valiant neighbor. He wants no "flickering expedients." He would avoid "all solemn trifling." He says:

"It is no child's play; it is a man's work. Beware of those substitutes for unity that would allure you into a fool's paradise. The recent amendment to Canon 19 is, in my judgment, a flickering expedient. Is it unity, is it making towards unity to permit a Bishop to ask some learned Presbyterian minister not to officiate at that altar, not to prophesy from this pulpit, but to stand down there, in the capacity of a mere layman, and make an address, forsooth, not at a regular service, but on some out-of-the way occasion? Does it not seem to be petty and pusillanimous on our part, and humiliating to our Protestant brethren? The Chicago-Lambeth quadrilateral was dignified. Canon 19 was a blunder. A Canon which would seem to convey to the uninformed some idea of priestly parity, but which in reality goes out of its way to invalidate the Protestant ministry, comes mighty near being a disingenuous subterfuge, as offensive to conscientious Protestants as it is irritating to true Catholics. The Pope refused to see Mr. Roosevelt if he called on the Methodists, and Americans thought it very strange indeed. Yet the General Convention magnanimously authorizes a Bishop to invite some distinguished Protestant minister into his house by the back door, on condition that he leaves his ministerial character behind him! Some of us have too high a regard for our brethren to treat them in that way. It isn't gentlemanly, even if there is a Canon back of it, and it isn't Unity. It's a mere fly on an archangel's wing. Let us pray for the day when we can freely exchange altars, and in the meantime do not imperil that larger unity by temporizing compromises that only tantalize both sides.

Notwithstanding the largeness of the undertaking, the Bishop sees hopeful signs of progress. He recognizes an unity that does bring Catholics and Protestants into one Christian brotherhood.

Give no hospitality to the idea that different angles of observation mean that Christians are looking at different objects. All fix their adoring gaze on the one Christ. Where loyalty to Christ, in the vicissitudes of human life, has assumed various aspects, do not transmute aspects into animosities. Do not look askance at your brother who does not see eye to eye with you. Love him! Even when vital issues arise, bear in mind that while you will not promote unity by an amiable apostasy, neither will you convert your brother by puting on conceited airs or by trying to knock him down. Love him! Study his point of view and you will learn to love him. Humble open-minded study is daily leading to closer proximity and warmer fellowship. Where learning fails, love will win. "A new Commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Love will bind together Rome, Canterbury, and Constantinople. Love will encompass Geneva within the bosom of the Catholic Church. The angry controversies of the sixteenth century cannot be reproduced in our day, for we are learning to love. Calvinism and Arminianism will fight no more, for they have learned to love. Neither side won. Both sides won. Love won! The battle is over. God is changing men's attitudes. God is uniting men more than they realize. God is imparting to men his own character, love. Love will sweeten acerbities, soften stubbornness, subdue haughtiness, remove obstacles, illumine dull minds, melt icy hearts, bring us to our knees in tears that we have rent Christ's seamless robe and then lift us to our feet to march breast forward, a united phalanx, to the conquest of the world for Christ. "That they also may be one in us, that the world may believe." Love is of God. Love alone conquers. Love alone unites. The world cannot withstand that one Holy Catholic Church whose life is love. "Honour all men" everywhere, but "love the brotherhood."

It would seem a heartless, as well as a thankless task, to offer any criticism on such a generous, devout and spiritual climax as this. We do not wonder that the Bishop's address made a profound impression upon all that heard it and that its appeal was promptly felt far beyond the limits of the Chicago Diocese and the fraternity of ministers represented by the Episcopal Church. And still we must speak for the loving world, the devout world, the Christ-like world, which, almost unwittingly, are apparently left outside the circle drawn by the fervid heart of this splendid Christian. Stopford Brooke, the splendid Anglican who anticipated Bishop Anderson by many years in this splendid dream of Christian unity, the pastor of Matthew Arnold, who wrote so well in the interest of "sweetness and light," left the Episcopal Church because, with all its catholicity, it could not, if it would, make James Martineau, in his estimation the ablest advocate of Christianity, the noblest interpreter of Christ then living in England, Archbishop of Canterbury. We fear that the good Chicago Bishop has not even dreamed of such a possibility. He has assumed at the outset, apparently, a certain primacy for the Christ, which is definite, absolute, and final. He assumes that Christianity is an entity possessing a definite center, however ambiguous the circumference. The unity that he believes in and pleads for, he says, "begins with a "oneness in Christ's Mystical body." This is his starting point, and he proceeds from this standpoint to argue, with splendid ability, for that United Christianity which will become a Catholic power, an instrument in civic reform, a power to save sinners and with the capacity of satisfying saints.

Good Bishop, what of the successors of Ralph Waldo Emerson, of James Martineau? What of the seekers and confessors of the households of Channing and Theodore Parker? In your "Catholic Church" you have room for Cardinal Newman, who wrote "Lead, Kindly Light," and he deserves it, but what of Sarah Flower Adams, the radical Unitarian who wrote the companion hymn of the 19th Century, "Nearer, My God, to Thee"? What of the gentle spirits of brave reformers, the keen scholars, the chivalric souls whom you honor, sir, who love your loving, who cherish your fellowship, who enjoy you, with whom you daily touch elbows on the streets of Chicago and in the week-day travail of its spirit?

The Bishop assumes that there is a difference that is permanent and lasting, a bond that leaves outside the Mohammedans and Parsees. He enforces this separateness by a parable of the Buddhist who said to Catholic and Protestant:

"What are you quarreling about? You both believe in Christ as Head of the Church, Redeemer of the world. You have both been baptized in his name. I do not believe in Christ. I have not been born again."

We venture to submit that this was not a worthy representative of Buddha, the Enlightened. There are Buddhists who could with clearness and consistency accept much of the vocabulary of Bishop Anderson and who would have said to these quarreling Christians, "I who do not understand your contentions about the Christ, who may not accept your meta-

physics or your theologies concerning the Godhead or your schemes of salvation, still, with your belief in compassion, in the law of love and the life of piety, am I not a Brother, and do we not hold in common, all three of us, things far more profoundly religious and deeply spiritual than the things that you are now quarreling about?"

But we have reached the limits of an editorial. We close by reiterating the faith that this glowing Christian unity which the Chicago Bishop has so splendidly set forth is an ideal, the pursuit of which will lead to a still more glowing ideal of the religious unity, settling somewhere, somehow, into the thought of the universal fatherhood of God, the universal brotherhood of man, the fraternity of the noble, the communion of the serving. There will still be place for variation of ritual and diversities of thought, but the hymn-makers and not the creed-maker will be the inspirers of this Holy Catholic Church of humanity.

The Bishop speaks lightly of the interdenominationalism that is not unity. He thinks that "it is next door to undenominationalism," and "undenominationalism," he says, "is next door to nothing." Perhaps, after all, out of this nothingness is to come the something that will most adequately "Fulfil the law of Christ itself," which may be, after all, best set forth in the words of the Episcopal Ritual, with which Bishop Anderson has introduced his discourse, "Will you maintain and set forward, as much as shall lie in you, quietness, love and peace, among all men?"

WHEN THE SAPS A-RUNNING.

Everything's a-singing it th' crick is just a-bubblin'
With the word that after now there ain't no use a-troublin';
Robin in th' apple tree a-chirrupin' his proudest,
Jaybird on th' garden fence a-hollerin' his loudest;
Wind a-coaxin' at th' trees to give their boughs a fling—
All th' world is mighty good an' singin' that it's spring.

Crows a-sailin' overhead an' cawin' mighty mellow—
Sort o' seems to send a chucklin' hello to a fellow;
Wild geese slantin' in a V an' honkin' as they hurry
Somewhere where there isn't anything to fret an' worry:
Calamus a-sproutin' up down yonder in th' bog;
Sunny spot beside th' door all ready for the dog.

Bresh a-burnin' over there where some one has a clearin';
Johnny-jump-ups in th' woods a-perkin' an' a-peerin';
Dandelions rollin' out, each like a golden nugget;
Sassafras a-beggin' you to grab a holt an' tug it;
Sun a-shinin' everywhere an' feelin' good to you;
Trees a-gettin out their leaves an' bowin' howdydo!

Wimmenfolks a-singin' songs with all th' windows open,
Happy 'cause the days is here for which they have been hopin';
Little girls a-skippin' ropes, an' laughin' an' a-callin',
Little boys a-fightin' an' a-runnin' home a-bawlin'—
All th' world a-wakin' up an' lookin' roundabout;
Mornin' glories jumpin' up six inches when they sprout.

Want to get my pen in hand an' write a poem on it,
But I couldn't coax a rhyme, much less get up a sonnet!
Go it, robin! Chirp again an' make the world get gladder.
Go it, jaybird! Scold as if you's just a-gettin' madder!
Have your fun an' don't you ever worry for a thing—
All th' world is mighty good, an' singin' that it's spring!

—*W. D. Nesbit.*

THE PULPIT

Some of My Teachers—A Meditation

As memory lingers around the sacred haunts of the past, it meets now and then and dwells for a while in some green oases, where we once used to rest after our wearisome wanderings in the deserts of life, and refresh our hungry and thirsty spirits with water from the well-springs of eternal life, and with the manna of heaven. In these resting places the weary pilgrim meets with his teachers, the chosen ones, who seem to be there providentially to receive him, and supply him with the nourishment he needs for days and years to come.

In one of these oases at an early age I met with the inspired Hebrew bards and prophets and seers, to whom the most intelligent and enlightened division of the human race has for more than two thousand years been wont to look up for advice and guidance. As the child attentively listened to the deep, melodious tunes, emanating from the royal singer's harp, or wondered at the visions and the impassioned prophecies of the men of God, or meditated at the feet of the meek and lowly Nazarene and the disciple, whom he loved, it appeared as if strange influences from a higher world wafted around his cheeks and filled his heart and brain with lofty thoughts and holy aspirations.

In close proximity to this Hebrew Garden of Eden I met thee, thou inimitable Thomas à Kempis, and with thee dived deep down in the unfathomable depths of inexpressible mysticism, where the spirit, as it were, throws off this mortal coil and soars around in the ethereal ocean, that surrounds the throne of the Most High on wings of devotion and ecstasy. How my youthful and enthusiastic spirit enjoyed these exceptional holidays spent with thee in the presence of the pure and immaculate intelligences of a transcendental sphere.

And then I consider it a special favor that at this early formative period of my life I had the privilege of thy ennobling company, thou pure and divine Athenian sage, Plato, the incomparable, in whose crystal sphere of immortal ideas I forgot this world of change and fleeting shows, and thought and lived and loved the sublime, the incorporeal and the non-sensual, as only those can realize who have some experience of the reality of the life that pulsates behind the veiling shadows of the phenomenal and unreal world, accessible only through the gates of our deceptive senses.

Unwillingly tearing myself loose from the bewitching grasp of these two princes of mysticism and metaphysics, and emerging again upon the sunny shores of mundane life I met ye, three shining lights on the firmament of a new time, who, like the three wise men from the Orient, were going to lead me to a higher and more realistic conception of the child in the manger at Bethlehem. At the hands of Emerson, Parker and Channing, I traversed the vast field of philosophical and religious research, where I was permitted to see what is merely transient and unessential fall from the disfigured body of Christianity, leaving what is essential and eternal to stand out in bold and resplendent outlines on the dark background of mediæval night. If, during my period of storm and stress, I did not lose sight of the higher light, and never lost my faith

in God and goodness, I owe it to you, friends, guides and teachers of my early youth, when my soul received impressions which can never be effaced. When, in the struggle between materialism and idealism, I was in danger of losing my balance and falling down into the bottomless pit of skepticism, you hoisted the torch of reason in the surrounding darkness, and through the mists I saw the way out and walked in it. Great is my obligation to you!

But the problems of manhood are not to be compared with those of childhood and youth. More complicated, more intricate, they require a more elaborate and thorough solution. When at a more advanced age I came to question the very foundation on which Christian civilization and world-conception rest, neither the mysticism of the "Imitation of Christ" nor the translucent idealism of the Platonic "Republic," nor the transcendentalism of the New England philosophers and prophets and seers would suffice to answer the knotty queries of my truth-seeking spirit. It was then I met thee, honest and thorough-going Antonio Rosmini, whose devoted and Christlike life of almost superhuman self-sacrifice was but a fitting illustration to thy noble and titanic efforts to build between science and philosophy, on one hand, and religion on the other, a bridge that would last for ages. A gigantic figure, thou standest at the gates of our modern times as a guardian of the sacred fire on the altar against the rough hands of sacrilegious iconoclasts, who fain would extinguish its ethereal flames.

But alas! the problem of existence cannot be solved by even the sharpest logic or the most skilfully furbished weapons from the metaphysical armory of modern philosophy, not even if wielded with the masterly dexterity of an immortal Antonio Rosmini and supported by the powerful testimony of his blameless life. It takes something more to stem the tide of materialism that is rising in the wake of misunderstood evolution and superficial Haeckelism and threatening to bury the lofty cathedrals of the past under its muddy waves. How little did I know that such a mighty bulwark was provided and erected by the Eternal Power, which, even according to the Evolutionary theory, rules the Universe, until I met thee, thou uncomprehended and so cruelly misrepresented Emanuel Swedenborg. Placed at the dividing line between the new time and our still more modern era, how wonderfully hast thou foreseen and grasped the very heart-fibers of the problems that vex the age in which we live and move and have our being. Armed with an almost incomprehensible intuition, how didst thou penetrate to and reach the very depths of the questions of theology and philosophy, which now stir up our churches and scientific schools! Writing in a dead language, in an old-fashioned way and style, barred out by sectarian monopolism, so foreign to thy free and untrammeled spirit, from the cosmopolitan pasture grounds of a common humanity, long didst thou remain a stranger and an object of mere curiosity or even disgust to a mind who had been basking in the sunshine of Greek idealism and bathing in the shoreless ocean of twentieth century negativism! But when prejudice was at last overcome and I found instead of the mystic the man of science, instead of the supposed dreamer the wide-awake and sober thinker, instead of the fantastic and unreasonable visionary the logical and reasonable theologian, I was ready to study thee and to learn from thee that there is a religion which is not contrary to science and not at variance with philosophy, and that what I had condemned as supernatural and impossible was nothing but human superstition, while the really supernatural was in fact nothing but the natural on a higher plane of life. If I had been a restless truth-seeker all my life, always on the quest for the Holy Grail, thou at last furnished me with the key to the temple of truth, within whose sacred precincts were to be found the parchment rolls, written on both sides, whose hieroglyphics, as deciphered by thee, contain the solution of the riddle of the universe. Thus I was led by thy strong hand back to the same Hebrew sacred Scriptures which were my first and earliest teachers, and whose real meaning, hidden from my youthful eyes, thou openest before me in my manhood.

Thus I can see the full-orbed circle of my spiritual development finished at the hands of providentially appointed teachers of humanity, who have appeared just at the right time and with the message just then needed. Such a retrospect of our past life is useful not only to ourselves but also to our fellowmen, for we all have similar experiences, and if by telling them we can be helpful to one another—why not do so?

Chicago, Ill. AXEL LUNDEBERG.

Judge Lindsey and His Juvenile Court

A GRADUATING THESIS BY HELEN JACKSON, OF THE HILLSIDE HOME SCHOOL, HILLSIDE, WISCONSIN

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, or "the little jedge," as he is known to his small clients, was born in 1870 on a Tennessee farm into a family of some wealth and culture. When he was eleven, the family went to make its home in Denver, as his father, a railroad man, had received a position with the telegraph company there. Lindsey's schooling was not extensive. The father, a Roman Catholic convert from the Episcopalian Church, sent him to Notre Dame, Indiana, where he learned the lives of the saints and aspired to be a saint himself, even putting pebbles in his small shoes "to mortify the flesh." As he soon grew homesick for the Tennessee farm, his father permitted him to return to his Protestant relatives, who still lived there. They sent him to a Baptist school until he was seventeen, and then he was called home to help support the family on account of his father's failing health.

A few months after his return to Denver, his father died, and this undersized, dull-looking boy of eighteen found himself facing barest poverty with an ailing mother and three younger children to support. But he was equal to the occasion. He worked in different places as an office boy, carried a paper route in the morning and did janitor work at night. So, with some help from his younger brother, he was able to keep the family alive.

His one ambition was to become a lawyer; and, associated with this was an unusual curiosity about politics. These traits were not inherited, for his father was idealistic, enthusiastic, of an inventive genius, and a great book-lover. His mother came from a Scotch-Irish family who were strong-minded people, but with no bent for politics. While he was working in a law office, he learned something of the crookedness

of politics; and he then and there resolved that, if he ever had a chance he would strenuously oppose all graft and fraud. His mind was busy all the time, and his ambition kept him up half the night reading law. He starved his body to save money for the family, but his mind kept on growing. So today we see him, a man of a puny, insignificant stature, but with wonderful, keen, and kindly eyes.

He worked his way up in the law, and he soon went into business in partnership with another young lawyer. Things went well at first. The young men had great schemes for stopping fraud and fighting the corporations, which they saw were the root of political evil. Soon, however, his partner and friend was bribed to the "beast's" side, as Judge Lindsey, in his "Beast and the Jungle" calls the corporations and powers which support fraud.

Lindsey struggled on bravely alone, joining now this, now that party or league, hoping that here he would find honesty. His search was vain, everywhere fraud; everywhere the claws of the beast concealed. Nevertheless, he began to make himself felt, and many were the bribes of office or of money offered, if he would only become the tool of the machine. But he remained, and still remains, absolutely incorruptible.

Early in 1901, Judge Lindsey received his first public office. He was appointed to finish an unexpired term as judge of the County Court; and each election since, he has, in spite of the power of the "beast" in Denver, been re-elected to that position. This court, often called the people's court, has jurisdiction over property suits amounting to less than two thousand dollars. It was the court of appeal for all police magistrates and justices of the peace. It had criminal jurisdiction in all misdemeanors and felonies, when the accused was under twenty-one years of age. It was also the probate, city and county court. So Judge Lindsey's new duties were manifold.

One day when he had been listening to some petty suit, he was asked to dispose of a larceny case, and a small boy was brought in. A railroad detective gave his testimony; the boy was accused of stealing coal from the tracks, and he had no defense. The case was clear and there was nothing for Judge Lindsey to do but find him guilty and sentence him to the Reform School. When this was done, a wrinkled old woman in the back of the room began to scream pitifully. The bailiff dragged her out of the court, but Judge Lindsey was still troubled by the distant shrieks. At last he could stand it no longer, so he dismissed court, shaken and unnerved. There was nothing for him to do but what he had done. No power under the law, as he knew it, permitted him to release the boy. However, as the woman's screaming went on, he suspended the sentence which he had made against the boy.

Afterwards he visited the family and found them utterly destitute. The boy had taken coal from the tracks to keep his mother and sisters from freezing. The neighbors came in and thanked him for his kindness toward the boy; they seemed to regard him as some unusual being, an officer of the law who was kind!

All this set him thinking of what had heretofore been expected of the court in regard to juvenile treatment. He thought much about the system of punishing infants as if they were adults and maiming half-formed characters by trying to make them carry the weight of the iron laws and penalties of adults.

In a few days some boys were brought in for stealing pigeons to tease a "grumpy" old man. When Lindsey spoke to another judge of the nonsense of treating these boys like criminals, the reply was: "Well, we sometimes go short on fees, and it helps to increase the fees of this office to bring the kids here." The horror of it all came over him. Were these boys being made into hardened criminals that the judge's fees might be made greater? For without a doubt they were being made into hardened criminals, as he later discovered on investigation of the jails, where these children were sent. He found in the city jail little boys in cells filthy and full of vermin, who had been charged with offenses no greater than those just mentioned. Here they came into daily contact with the worst criminals of the state, and their innocent, curious minds were filled with the vilest ideas. As Judge Lindsey says: "It was more than absurd, more than wrong. It was an outrage against childhood, against society, against justice, decency, and common sense."

He made up his mind that it should stop. He searched and re-searched the laws, and finally found this scrap of hope in the Colorado school law, which stated that delinquent children, who habitually played truant from school, aimlessly wandered on the streets, committed petty crimes and so forth, should be considered juvenile disorderly persons, and be dealt with as such. A juvenile disorderly person did not mean a criminal, and was not to be punished under state laws, but was to be corrected by the state as its ward.

So by this rendering of the phrase, he ran his juvenile work until such time as he could have juvenile laws passed. He put all boys sent to him on probation, and had them bring reports every two weeks from their parents, teachers, and neighbors. Unless the reports became unusually bad, they were not sent to the Reform School. Thus was started the first Juvenile Court of the United States. Thus a reform was set on foot which is rapidly traveling around the world.

Judge Lindsey now began to agitate in every possible way for special juvenile laws. He lectured whenever he could get a platform and an audience; he published articles in the papers, and, what was most convincing to the authorities, he invited the governor, the mayor, the chief of police, and several prominent ministers to his office, where they heard from the mouths of mere infant ex-convicts, tales of the horror of prison life far beyond the imagination. The pulpits at once took it up, and the newspapers were brimming with it. People talked of nothing else. So by the strength of public sentiment the state legislature was obliged to pass the juvenile law, which Judge Lindsey himself drew up.

This law states that all juvenile delinquents, meaning all children under sixteen, who enter saloons, or gaming houses, or who wander about the streets at night, or who use vulgar and profane language, shall be subject to the jurisdiction of the Juvenile Court. The county courts were declared the Juvenile Courts throughout the state. Also all children who had committed any crime or in any way defied the state or national law, were to be dealt with by that court. This law also provided probation officers not to exceed three in num-

ber in any city. These officers are appointed by the judge, and have about the same power as a sheriff. The state law for dependent children and the school and child labor laws were added unchanged to the juvenile law. There is also a provision for adult delinquency, which is dealt with by the Juvenile Court. Every parent or other adult, who contributes to the delinquency of a child, is prosecuted. Thus is concentrated under one jurisdiction every conceivable case involving childhood.

To avoid constitutional difficulties, the law provides that every child shall have the right of trial by jury, if it is demanded, but it is very seldom found necessary. The law also provides for a detention school, where unusually unruly boys are sometimes detained until they are sent to a reform school or found fit to send to their homes. This school is in no way like a prison, for it is made as homelike as possible.

The Juvenile Court is more of a school than a court. It is a place for character building, for showing youth what is right and what is wrong; and, far more important, for persuading him that what he wants is the right. For, as Judge Lindsey says, "children are neither good nor bad, but either strong or weak. They are naturally neither moral nor immoral, but merely unmoral. They are little savages living in a civilized society, that has not yet civilized them, often at war with it, frequently punished by it, and always secretly rebellious against it, until the influence of the home, the school, and the church gradually overcome their natural savagery and make them moral and responsible members of society." And certainly there is no abler man than Judge Lindsey to assist where the home, the school, and the church have failed. But this is the key-note of his success. He says, "I prefer a spirit of trust and love to one of fear and hate."

When a boy is brought to him for trial, frightened and ready to tell anything but the truth, even when all evidence is against him, Judge Lindsey takes him into his office alone or with only his parents. Of course, he flatly denies his deed at first, but Judge Lindsey tells him that he is a good boy, but weak and mistaken; he convinces the boy that the judge is not his enemy, but his friend, and is trying to help him. So by degrees he wins the boy's confidence, and soon the whole story is out. The boy is then persuaded that it was wrong and that he wants to do the right. Judge Lindsey then puts him on probation and almost always the boy comes out right in the end.

The help given the children by the adult delinquency clause is of no small import. Parents are continually brought in; and when they realize that unless they take proper care of their children and bring them up with respect for the law, the children will be sent to the Reform School and they themselves will be prosecuted, conditions begin to improve. The children are few that are sent to the Reform School because they are incorrigible. It is usually because the home conditions are so absolutely unfit for the child that he has to go. And in this case the children always go unquestioningly, and they do not feel that they are being treated unjustly.

One of the features of the court is the Saturday morning talk that takes place when the boys on probation come to give their reports. Judge Lindsey talks to the boys on character building. He talks, not preaches, and he does it as if he were one of them. They are made to feel that it is no disgrace to come to the Juvenile Court, and are led to see that everything is being done for their good. They become very appreciative of the kindliness of the court. The boys have spread its fame abroad among their fellows. Many little citizens' leagues have been formed for improvement. Indeed, as a result of this, the cases are many that have come to the court of their own accord to tell their faults and be helped. As one little boy said to his brother who had been "swiping" things, "Yuh'd better go t' the Jedge an' he'll help yuh cut it out." Similarly four boys once came to confess that they had stolen some bicycles, but nevertheless they were much surprised when the Judge went to work to save them and not the bicycles, as the "cop" usually did.

No small amount of extra work has been pioneered by Judge Lindsey in the establishment of ungraded schools, manual training and trades work, free baths, playgrounds and fresh air funds, all of which tend to lessen delinquency. Also much work is done by the court in finding work for idle boys and in assisting and directing charity movements.

The confidence which Judge Lindsey has in his boys is wonderful. It has been his custom ever since the first year or so of the court to give a boy his own commitment papers and to send him alone to the Reform School, which is twenty miles from Denver, or to the Detention School in the city. People laughed at him when he first used this plan, and said it would never work. But out of five hundred and seven cases, only five have failed him.

Many people misunderstand Judge Lindsey. They say that he has hypnotic power over the boys, and can make them do things contrary to their nature. But let us rather say that he has a keen insight into human nature, for it is his method that works the supposed miracle. He goes at it in the natural way, and brings forth natural results. Of course he has failures, but it is not failure that counts. Before there was a Juvenile Court almost every boy who was sentenced by a court went to his certain destruction, for every sentence meant imprisonment. Now none are sent to the prisons and very few are lost, and, indeed, the Juvenile Court was in time to save even one who had been in jail fifteen times.

He declares he has only been a worker in the ranks, but Colorado must thank Judge Lindsey and Judge Lindsey alone, for the saving and making of hundreds of promising citizens.

EVENING PRAYERS OF CHILDREN

It is the hour when babes with angels speak:
While we are rushing to our pleasures weak
  And sinful, all young children, with bent knees,
Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair,
Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer
  On our behalf, to him who all things sees.

And then they sleep. Ah, peaceful cradle-sleep!
Oh, childhood's hallowed prayer! religion deep
  Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!
So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
  Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

—*From the French of Victor Hugo.*

THE STUDY TABLE

I have a bunch of material from The International School of Peace, established at 29 Beacon street, Boston. Do you know anything about 29 Beacon street, Boston? It is where Mr. Edwin Ginn has fitted up headquarters for The International School of Peace. Mr. Ginn, at the first meeting of his school, told how he had appealed to the wealthy men of Boston to assist him, but unavailingly. He has himself appropriated fifty thousand dollars a year, and provided by his will that two-thirds of his estate shall go to this effort in the cause of world peace. Of course Mr. Mead is with him; and Trueblood is there, and the Cosmopolitan Club of Harvard University is practically of the same mind. It is a grand idea,—an International School of Peace. Now let us reform our common schools, take out the indirect teaching of war, and put in the direct teaching of good will to all men. Let our common schools be based on the Golden Rule and undiluted Christianity.

Robert Herrick's "A Life for a Life" stands easily as the strongest novel of the season, but Nathan Burke is an easy second. I told you I was going to read those books with care. I shall do more than that, I shall re-read them—something that I rarely do with a novel.

The *Outing Magazine* for July gives us two remarkable papers; one by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, entitled "Athletics and the Heart"; the other by Dr. Charles S. Moody on "Serpent Wounds and Their Treatment." These are really important papers that ought not to be overlooked. Of course the *Outing* keeps well up in sports and excursions. The present number gives us a noble article by Herbert K. Job—one of the best writers on the *Outing* list. He talks in this article on the Louisiana marshes. I hope to see him next winter in Florida, where we can talk over other phases of the Southern question.

E. P. POWELL.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Not all that is printed in college and high school papers is bumptious or deserving of the adjective "sophomoric." Good literature has been produced by very young men and women, and the afflatus of the poet and the vision of the prophet are reached ever and anon by youthful spirits in their school days. The following lines, which appear in the Commencement Number of *Totem*, published by the Lincoln High School, of Seattle, deserve a place in the Lincoln literature.

THE EDITOR.

The Child

As by the fire, a knot of pine for light,
  The boy from freshly finished toil lies down
  To master mysteries of verb and noun,
Unmindful of the hours in hurried flight,
E'en fairyland with kind and doughty knight
  Who wage their mimic wars in floral crown,—
  As youth, awakening, shows reluctant frown,—
Must give the day and loan the hours of night,
  So he who sees real battles to be won
By thoughts and courage rescued from the wild
Tumultuous years of boyhood reconciled,
  To share the toil of brain with boist'rous fun,
  Must learn, must know, perchance must weep as one
Who bears a manly burden while a child.

The Man

What time a gloom enshrouds the harried ground,
  A pall engulfs our hope and glory hides
  Behind a wall of hatred that divides
The states a nation thought securely bound,
While strife and noise of war afar resound,
  A man steps forth between the swinging times
  To teach the world anew that right abides
Where freedom, love, and faith in man abound.
  In vain he writhed ere Hell should swing the gate
To reap the bloody fields, to kill and maim;
In vain would he the sundered lands reclaim,
  Yet spelled the riven stars his cruel fate:
  To face the avalanche of war and hate
Till Death entwined the marty'r crown of fame.

The Memory

Ah, such a man empyreal sphere attains,
  Who knows and feels his fellow's hurts and needs,
  Whose heart responds to every wound that bleeds,
And every soul entrapped by cruel pains,
With love that falls like heaven's fresh'ning rains,
  Uplifts the felled and all the hungry feeds,
  Ignoring hate of race or jangling creeds,
Or stains of iron from lately broken chains.
  How strong thy love, yet meek as gentle dove!
Such perfect bloom from lowly tangled sod!
While groping mortals, striving upward, plod,
  They'll reach and strain for thy enkindling love,
  Triumphant love vouchsafed from realms above,
In human form, the majesty of God.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

PRAYER FOR PAIN.

I do not pray for peace nor ease,
  Nor truce from sorrow:
No suppliant on servile knees
  Begs here against tomorrow!

Lean flame against lean flame we flash,
  O Fates that meet me fair;
Blue steel against blue steel we clash—
  Lay on, and I shall dare!

But Thou of deeps the awful Deep,
  Thou Breather in the clay,
Grant this my only prayer—Oh keep
  My soul from turning gray!

For until now, whatever wrought
  Against my sweet desires,
My days are smitten harps strung taut,
  My nights were slumberous lyres.

And howsoe'er the hard blow rang
  Upon my battered shield,
Some lark-like, soaring spirit sang
  Above my battle-field.

And through my soul of stormy night
  The zigzag blue flame ran.
I asked no odds—I fought my fight—
  Events against a man.

But now—at last—the gray mist chokes
  And numbs me. Leave me pain!
Oh let me feel the biting strokes
  That I may fight again!

—*John G. Neihardt.*

Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of ease
And easy contemplation—gay parterres,
And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
And shady groves for recreation framed.
There may he range, if willing to partake
Their soft indulgences, and in due time
May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
And course of service Truth requires from those
Who tend her altars, wait upon her throne,
And guard her fortresses. —*Wordsworth.*

Lord! all Thy works are lessons,—each contains
  Some emblem of man's all-containing soul:
Shall he make fruitless all Thy glorious pains,
  Delving within Thy grace an eyeless mole?
Make me the least of Thy Dodona-grove,
  Cause me some message of Thy truth to bring,
Speak but a word through me, nor let Thy love
  Among my boughs disdain to perch and sing.

—*Lowell.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

MINISTERS' INSTITUTE, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

September 26-29, 1910.

Preliminary Programme.

Monday, September 26.

8:00 p. m. Opening address by Pres. Merle St. Croix Wright, D. D., to be followed by Prof. George B. Foster of Chicago on "The Modern Problem of Religion."

Tuesday, September 27.

9:00 a. m. Devotional service led by Rev. John C. Perkins, D. D., of Portland, Maine.

10:00. Prof. Arthur C. McGiffert, D.D., of New York. Subject: "The Progressive Development of the Idea of God."

11:30. Prof. William W. Fenn, D. D., of Cambridge. "Spiritual Religion and Historic Theology."

3:30 p. m. (1) Dr. Morton Prince of Boston. "Memory and Personality." (2) Prof. James H. Hyslop of New York. "Theories of Mind in the Light of Psychical Research." Discussion led by Rev. Howard N. Brown of Boston.

8:00 p. m. (1) Prof. Ephraim Emerton of Cambridge. "Anabaptism in Relation to Our Time and All Time." (2) Prof. F. A. Christie of Meadville. "The Theology of Thomas Aquinas."

Wednesday, September 28.

9:00 a. m. Devotional service led by Rev. Robert F. Leavens of Fitchburg, Mass.

10:00. Rev. George R. Dodson, Ph. D., of St. Louis, Missouri. "Elements of an Ideal Theology."

11:30. Prof. Clayton R. Bowen of Meadville. "The Present Christus Controversy in Germany." (Hat Jesus Gelebt?)

3:30 p. m. "A Message from India." Three twenty minute addresses by Prof. Heramba Chandra Maitra, president of the Sadharan Brahmo-Somaj of Calcutta; Prof. T. L. Vaswani, M. A., of Western India, and Promotho Loll Sen, editor of the New Dispensation, Calcutta. Discussion by Revs. J. T. Sunderland, Caleb S. S. Dutton and Charles W. Wendte, D. D.

8:00. Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D. D., of Cambridge and Rev. W. Norman Guthrie of Sewanee will speak on "The Relation of Literature to Spiritual Life." Discussion opened by Rev. T. C. Williams of Boston.

Thursday, September 29.

9:00 a. m. Devotional service led by Rev. Harry Lutz of Newton (Channing Church).

10:00. Mr. John Graham Brooks of Cambridge. "A Present Practical Program of Social Reconstruction."

11:30. Mr. James P. Munroe of Lexington, Mass. "Lines of Social Advance." Discussion opened by Mr. W. M. Salter of Chicago.

3:30 p. m. (1) Rev. Henry C. DeLong of Medford. "Impressions of a Long Pastorate." (2) Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, D. D., of Washington. "The Art of Preaching."

8:00. "A Word to the Age" in four twenty minute addresses, by Rev. P. H. Cressey of Groton, Mass., Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Edwin A. Rumball, Rochester, N. Y., and Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Montclair, N. J.

The Meeting.

This promises to be one of the very best meetings The Institute has ever held, and with its excellent programme and the reasonable rates and attractions of "The Rockmere" ought to get together a large body of ministers. The Institute needs money for its expenses, and every minister is urged to join the Institute, if not already a member, by sending his fee ($1.00) to Rev. John M. Wilson, Treasurer, Lexington, Mass., and if he can afford to send more, it will be gratefully received.

All meetings will be held at the hotel. Rooms at $2.00 a day (single) and other rooms at $2.50 and $3.00 each person (two in a room) may be secured by applying to Mr. G. H. Brackett, The Rockmere, Marblehead, Mass., and ministers are advised to apply early. Marblehead is on the Eastern Division of the Boston and Maine, about eighteen miles from Boston, and may be reached either by the Swampscott Branch, through Lynn, or the Marblehead Branch, through Salem. "The Rockmere" is five minutes' walk from the station at Marblehead.

A list of recent books compiled especially for The Institute will be distributed to those attending the meetings. Let as many as possible come, and help to make this the best meeting of The Institute we have ever had.

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CLEVELAND (NAPS)—May 8, 29, June 25. 26, Sept. 5, 5, Oct. 1, 2.
WASHINGTON (SENATORS)—June 10, 11, 12, 13, Aug. 5, 6, 7, 8, Sept. 26, 27, 28.
PHILADELPHIA (ATHLETICS)—June 15, 16, 18, 19, Aug. 1, 2, 3, 4, Sept. 23, 24, 25.
NEW YORK (HIGHLANDERS)—June 3, 4, 5, Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16, Sept. 19, 20, 21.
BOSTON (RED SOX)—June 6, 7, 8, 9, Aug. 9, 10, 11, 12, Sept. 15, 17, 18.

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The winds that blow,
The streams that run
In rain and sun
Throughout the year;
And then I lead
Through wood and mead,
Through mould and sod
Out unto God
With love and cheer
I teach.

—*Dr. L. H. Bailey, in "Outlook to Nature."*

CALENDAR FOR 24th YEAR
1910—1911

Fall term arrivals, Monday and Tuesday, September 19 and 20, 1910.
Enrollment and classification, Wednesday, September 21.
Christmas recess begins Friday, December 16. Work resumed Tuesday, January 3, 1911.
Easter recess begins Friday, April 7. Work resumed Tuesday, April 18.
School closes, June 15, 1911.
Terms, $450 per year.

This school is co-educational, non-sectarian, progressive and thorough. It prepares for universities and colleges, and for life. It recommends itself by its results: its success in the development of character, in the development of strong, normal bodies, and in the development of mind that gives the power to think and reason.

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ITS LOCATION:

The school is located in the healthful region of Southern Wisconsin, on a valley farm, thirty-five miles west of Madison, three miles and a half from its nearest station, Spring Green, on the Prairie du Chien division of the C. M. and St. P. Railroad.

The Hillside Valley is a part of the Driftless Area and has great physiographic and geologic interests, affording unusual facilities for the study of the sciences, while the farm makes possible the approach of the fundamental problems of life from the side of experience and observation. The great laboratory of the out-of-doors makes clear and interesting the studies of the class-room. The pupil becomes acquainted first-hand with the object of his study. In his surroundings he sees the life-history of plant, insect, and bird. The location has also great historical interest, for it figures largely in the history of the Northwest Territory.

ITS EQUIPMENT:

The school plant consists of a central home building, containing the common dining-room, parlors, library, and rooms for the larger girls; a home building for the larger boys; two cottages, one for the smaller boys and one for the smaller girls. Each building is in charge of competent teachers who are also the home-makers of that particular group. There is also a school building equipped with science laboratories, gymnasium, shops, home science kitchen, art and music rooms. The entire plant has water-works, is heated by steam and lighted by gas.

ITS METHODS:

This Home School and school home both co-operate in making use of what is peculiarly shown in the development of sound minds in sound bodies, and in awakening the spirit of helpfulness, co-operation, and consideration for others. The various activities of the little community life are based upon the principle of self-activity. This results in much definite knowledge, and in that self-control which puts the self in accord with the general regime necessary for the common weal.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL:

The spirit of the school is democratic. Pupils of various ages, conditions and locations are united into a harmonious family life.

The school seeks the patronage of those in accord with its aim: That culture which makes a person thoughtful, capable, and self-reliant, and which ripens into a reverent, earnest, and helpful spirit.

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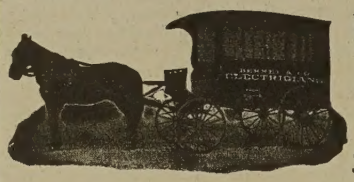

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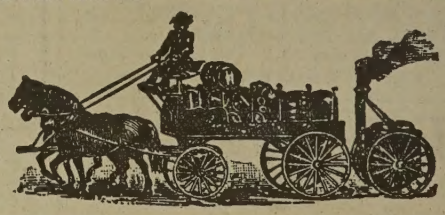

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